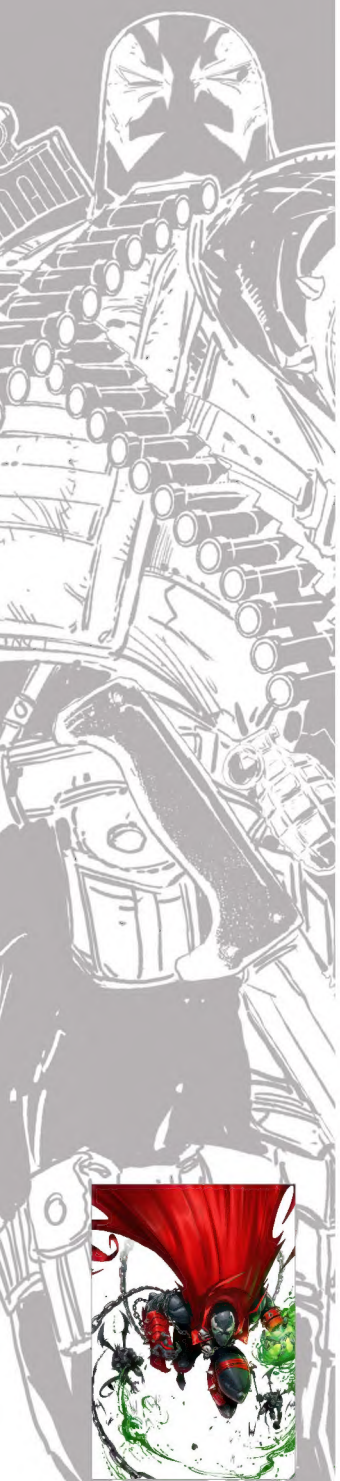

SPAWN
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DIGITAL EDITION
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EST. 1992



TODD McFARLANE & TOM LEVEEN
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TODD McFARLANE
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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN *SPAWN*

Al tries to make amends with Earl and recruit him for his undertakings. Earl, still unsure of who or what Al is, follows him one night while he goes on a mission. Al emerges as Spawn during a fight and is badly hurt by a drug dealer he's pursuing. Earl runs to his rescue, takes him home and patches him up. Al again tries to convince him to join his fight. When Earl returns home, he visits his mother who is very sick and realizes that to save her, he must join Al. After some rest, Al goes to visit Cyan. She tells him to shut the light and close his eyes. When he opens them, the Spawn demon inside of him overtakes them and Cyan and Al are transported away from the hospital.

image
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GONE!




THIS INSTITUTION HAD NEVER LOST A PATIENT BEFORE IN ITS 84-YEAR HISTORY.


WHAT STARTED AS A ROUTINE CHECK OF THEIR PATIENT'S ROOMS. ENDED WITH THE REALIZATION A YOUNG PATIENT HAD DISAPPEARED.


HER NAME IS CYAN FITZGERALD. SHE'S BEEN REHABBING FROM AN ADDICTION PROBLEM AND HAD A VISITOR IN HER ROOM AT THE TIME.


THE VISITOR WAS AL SIMMONS, THOUGH HE WAS USING AN ALIAS, BUT HE WAS MISSING TOO.
HAD SOMETHING HAPPENED THEM? OR DID SIMMONS TAKE CYAN ON HIS OWN?


I ALERTED THE ADMINISTRATION. THEY'RE SENDING PEOPLE OVER NOW. WHAT ABOUT MR. FITZGERALD? ANY LUCK YET?
HE ISN'T ANSWERING. AT HOME OR HIS CELL.
KEEP TRYING. HE NEEDS TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIS DAUGHTER.
89%
03-0127
ITZGERALD
WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO GET D.N.A. SAMPLES FROM ALL STAFF MEMBERS. PLUS A LIST OF EVERYONE THAT'S EVER VISITED THE FITZGERALD GIRL.
LINE DO
POLICE
"AND WE'LL NEED ANY INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON THE MAN WITH HER WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED. WHO DO I TALK TO ABOUT LOOKING AT YOUR SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS? THAT'LL GIVE US SOME CLUES..."


"...BECAUSE PEOPLE DON'T JUST UP AND VANISH."
SOMEWHERE.
DARK.


They collapse, physically spent from their trip through 'the black.'


HOW'D YOU DO THAT?!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
MY APARTMENT.
BUT IT'S TWENTY MILES FROM WHERE WE JUST WERE. SO, NEED TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON. WHAT DID YOU DO TO US?
I'M HUNGRY.
YOU GOT ANYTHING GOOD TO EAT?
LISTEN TO ME. WE JUST DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACILITY YOU WERE AT. WHEN THEY FIND OUT YOU'RE GONE, A ***SHITSTORM*** IS GOING TO HIT! COPS. F.B.I. EVERYONE WILL BE LOOKING FOR YOU!


THE PROBLEM WITH THAT--THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME TOO. I DON'T NEED THAT RIGHT NOW. SO, WHATEVER YOU DID... TAKE US BACK!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF THEM ANYWAY.


As new york's evening sky paints itself across the horizon, a busy work day is winding down for millions.
For others, their day has only begun to reveal itself.
Evening, Mr. Shade.
Is he in?
He's always in, sir. You know that.
Just making sure you're on your toes. Can't get nothing by you, can they? You're too smart for that.
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

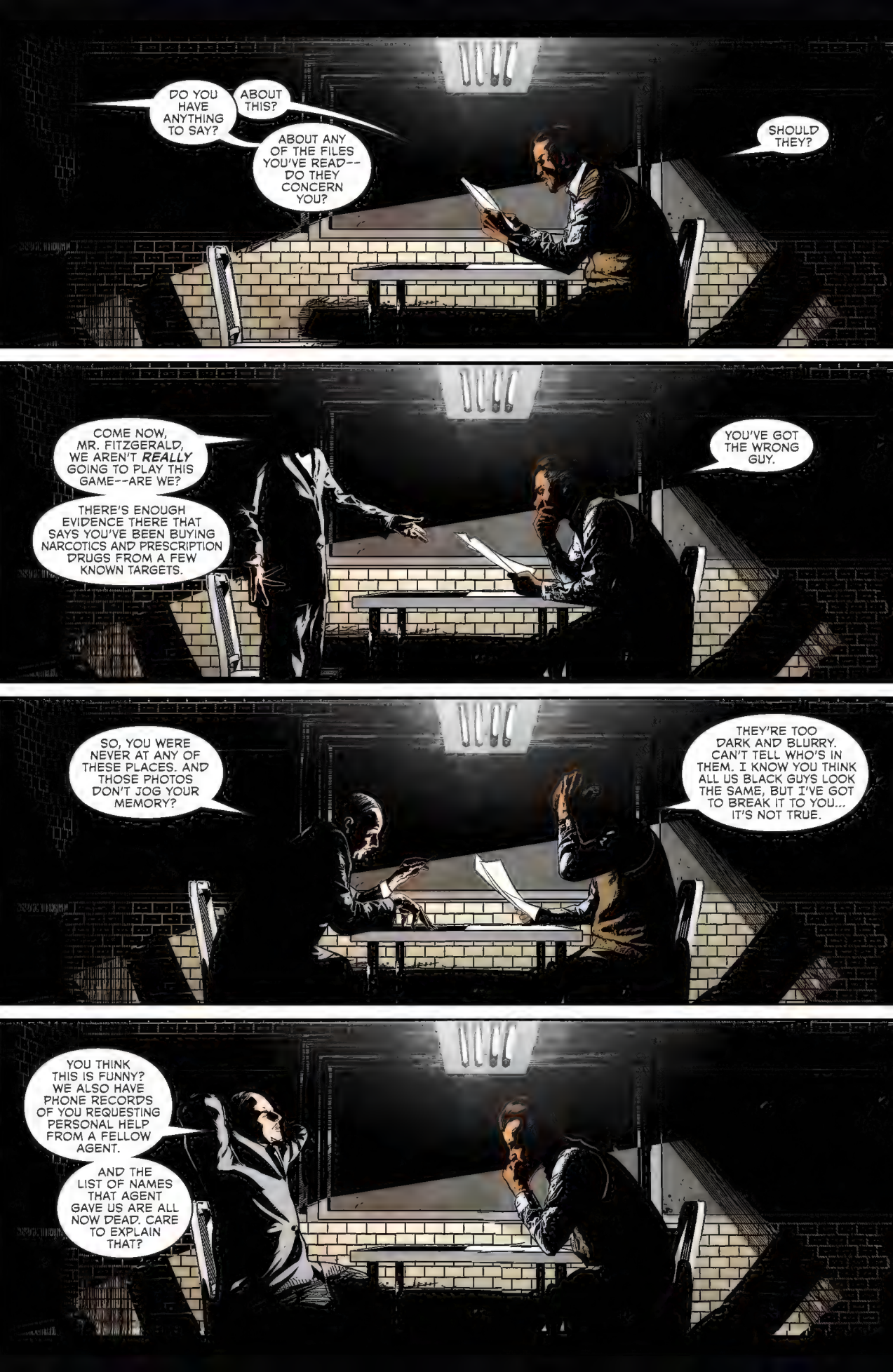

SHADE ENTERS A LAVISH PENTHOUSE STOCKED WITH ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES. STAINLESS STEEL, MARBLE AND BRASS TRIMMINGS PRESENT A PICTURE OF NORMALITY. BUT IT'S THE SMELL OF THE AIR THAT BELIES THIS PLACE.
THE STENCH OF MUSK AND ROT BURN HIS NOSTRILS AS HE MOVES TOWARDS THE ORIGIN OF THE ODOR. ANCIENT BOOKS, THOUGH PRESERVED, GIVE AWAY THEIR AGE AS EACH HAS BEEN THROUGH WARS, RAIN AND STORAGE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. THE PAGES SLOWLY DECAYING AS ALL THINGS DO OVER THE COURSE OF TIME.
BUT SOMEWHERE IN THIS CAVALCADE OF PRINT, LAY HIDDEN SECRETS WHOSE ORIGINAL OWNERS HAD PRAYED WOULD NEVER FALL INTO THE HANDS OF MEN LACKING COMPASSION AND A THIRST FOR POWER.
SADLY, THE AUTHORS OF SUCH BOOKS HAD NOT IMAGINED THE SHEER NUMBER OF MEN WHO FIT THAT DESCRIPTION. NOR HOW THEIR NUMBERS HAVE ONLY GROWN.
I ASSUME MR. MAITLIN WAS FLATTERED BY OUR OFFER?
NO.
HE REJECTED IT.
*See last issue—Todd


THE SILENCE OF THE MAN SITTING TELLS US HE'S UNACCUSTOMED TO NOT HAVING HIS WAY. AFTER A LONG PAUSE HE GOES BACK TO WRITING, WITH BOTH HANDS SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN A LANGUAGE LONG SINCE LOST.
I WAS SO LOOKING FORWARD TO SPENDING TIME WITH MR. MAITLIN AND HIS PARTNERS. HOW UNFORTUNATE WE WEREN'T ABLE TO SEE EYE TO EYE.
I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO IGNORE THE PUSH WE GAVE HIM.
STUBBORN, IS HE?
PERHAPS IT MAY SERVE OUR NEEDS BETTER IF I PAY HIM... A MORE 'PERSONAL' VISIT.


SOME MEN NEED A LITTLE GUIDANCE TO SEE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.
BUT FOR OTHERS...
IT TAKES MUCH MORE FOR THEM TO SEE THE LIGHT.


THE PAIN NOW OVER, SIMMONS CHAINS RETREAT INSIDE HIM.
HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHY CYAN DID THAT TO HIM. HE NEEDS TO FIND HER HELP. FAST.
CYAN... I...
AL STOPS HIMSELF. NOT ABLE TO FIND THE WORDS OR THE PROPER QUESTION TO ASK. AND UNTIL HE DOES HE'S NOT INCLINED TO MAKE THINGS WORSE.
INSTEAD HE TRIES TO COMFORT HER.
WE NEED A LITTLE LIGHT IN HERE.
DON'T!
NO! NO!
STOP!
BUT, THAT BACKFIRES AS THE SUN'S SOOTHING RAY FEEL LIKE KNIVES FLAYING AT HER SKIN!
UNCONTROLLABLY SHE SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS. AL CAN'T HAVE THAT KIND OF ATTENTION--NOT IN THIS APARTMENT COMPLEX. THERE'S TOO MANY CURIOUS NEIGHBORS IN THE BUILDING.
CYAN! YOU CAN'T DO THAT. NOT HERE! CALM DOWN AND RELAX. CAN YOU DO THAT?
HE STEPS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS...
SHE INSTANTLY GOES LIMP.


She likes the dark not the sun. But what about artificial light? How will she react to that?
YOU OKAY?
YEAH.
UM...
WHERE ARE WE?
MY APARTMENT.
HOW'D WE GET HERE?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
NO. WHY AREN'T WE IN MY ROOM?
Stunned, Al realizes Cyan can't recall the last few minutes. Everything that happened in the dark and the shadows are a blank to her.
WE NEED TO CALL YOUR DAD.


DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?
ABOUT THIS?
ABOUT ANY OF THE FILES YOU'VE READ-- DO THEY CONCERN YOU?
SHOULD THEY?
COME NOW, MR. FITZGERALD, WE AREN'T ***REALLY*** GOING TO PLAY THIS GAME--ARE WE?
THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE THERE THAT SAYS YOU'VE BEEN BUYING NARCOTICS AND PRESCRIPTION DRUGS FROM A FEW KNOWN TARGETS.
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY.
SO, YOU WERE NEVER AT ANY OF THESE PLACES. AND THOSE PHOTOS DON'T JOG YOUR MEMORY?
THEY'RE TOO DARK AND BLURRY. CAN'T TELL WHO'S IN THEM. I KNOW YOU THINK ALL US BLACK GUYS LOOK THE SAME, BUT I'VE GOT TO BREAK IT TO YOU... IT'S NOT TRUE.
YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY? WE ALSO HAVE PHONE RECORDS OF YOU REQUESTING PERSONAL HELP FROM A FELLOW AGENT.
AND THE LIST OF NAMES THAT AGENT GAVE US ARE ALL NOW DEAD. CARE TO EXPLAIN THAT?


OR WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GO FIRST?
YOU'RE THE ONE THROWING THE PARTY HERE, BUD.
I KNOW YOU GOT THOSE DRUGS FOR YOUR DAUGHTER. BEEN FEEDING THEM TO HER FOR QUITE SOME TIME IF SHE'S IN NEED OF REHABILITATION. IMPRESSIVE FATHERING THERE, I MIGHT ADD. WE ALSO KNOW YOU WERE GIVEN THE NAME OF MIGUEL SABATINI BY AGENT JOHNSON. WHO'S CURRENTLY BEEN TAKEN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE.
HE'LL NEVER WORK FOR THIS AGENCY AGAIN. AND NEITHER WILL YOU IF WE DON'T GET YOUR COOPERATION.
IS THIS WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO GET SCARED?
NO, MR. FITZGERALD. THIS IS WHERE YOU BECOME PRACTICAL...
WHERE SELF-PRESERVATION KICKS IN. SEE, IT'S NOT YOU WE'RE AFTER. INSTEAD WE WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING YOU KNEW ABOUT AL SIMMONS. EVERYTHING.
SIMMONS IS DEAD.
SO, WE'VE BEEN TOLD.


BUT, WE'D LIKE TO CONFIRM THAT OURSELVES SINCE HE WAS INVOLVED IN SOME VERY, VERY SENSITIVE MATTERS. BUT I'M SURE YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT SINCE YOU WERE HIS BEST FRIEND. STRANGE THAT YOU MARRIED HIS WIFE AFTER HE DIED.
YOU KNOW SHE'S DEAD TOO.
WE DO.
BUT YOUR DAUGHTER ISN'T. IS SHE?
YOU TOUCH HER AND...
"SAVE YOUR THREATS. WE'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE. AND YOU'RE NOT IN MUCH OF A POSITION TO THREATEN, ARE YOU."
CURIOUS THOUGH?
WHY DO YOU THINK THE HOSPITAL WHERE CYAN IS STAYING HAS TRIED TO CALL YOU TEN TIMES IN THE LAST WHILE? MUST BE QUITE AN EMERGENCY GOING ON THERE. I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE?
Enter Passcode
10 MISSED CALLS
WHAT DO YOU WANT.
I TOLD YOU ALREADY, I WANT SIMMONS. AND EVERYTHING YOU CAN POSSIBLY TELL US ABOUT HIM. THEN YOU GET YOUR PHONE BACK.


SCANDINAVIA.
DEEP IN THE COASTAL CONIFER FORESTS.


AWAY FROM THE TARNISH OF MANKIND.
FELT YOU COMING A LONG WAY OFF.


YOU'LL NEED TO IMPROVE THAT.
THOUGH I'M CURIOUS-- HOW'D YOU FIND ME?
I DIDN'T. THE COSTUME DID.
OF COURSE.
WELL... IT BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR SOME REASON. SO, SPEAK UP BOY, WHAT DO YOU NEED?
CYAN. WANDA'S DAUGHTER. SHE TOUCHED ME AND... I THINK SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO HER.


IT'S BEGUN, THEN.
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
NOTHING. WHERE IS SHE NOW?
SLEEPING. IN MY APARTMENT.
YOU'VE GOT THE GIRL?
YES.
AND YOU'VE LEFT HER ALONE!?
IT'S ONLY BEEN A COUPLE MINUTES.
YOU FOOL! YOU GODDAMN FOOL! IT DOESN'T MATTER! SHE CAN'T BE ALONE. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
GET ME TO HER. NOW!
SPAWN'S BLOOD RED CAPE SWALLOWS COGLIOSTRO IN ITS MAW THEN DISSOLVES BOTH OF THEM INTO THE NIGHT.


I CAME TO YOU LOOKING FOR HELP.
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. THEY'LL BE COMING FOR HER SOON AND YOU'LL NEED TO BE FOCUSED.
WHO'S COMING?
THEY ARE. THE ONES YOU *LOCKED ON EARTH* WHEN YOU SHUT THE GATES OF HELL. SHE WAS SAFER WHEN SHE WAS AMONG THE HUMANS.
WHAT DO THEY WANT?
EVERYTHING.
YOU SAID SHE TOUCHED YOU. WAS SHE IN THE DARK WHEN IT HAPPENED?
YOU MEAN OUTSIDE?
OUTSIDE. INSIDE. LIGHTS OFF. A SHADOW. ANY OF IT! WAS IT DARK?
YEAH.
WE NEED TO KEEP HER IN THE LIGHT AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. EVEN IF IT'S A LAMP.


AND WE NEED TO KEEP HER CALM.
"WE'LL ONLY HAVE ONE CRACK AT THIS IF WE WANT HER TO LIVE. HELL'S RAGE WILL SEND EVERYTHING IT'S GOT.
"IT WON'T HELP IF SHE FEELS SCARED OR THREATENED."
S.W.A.T
TO BE CONTINUED



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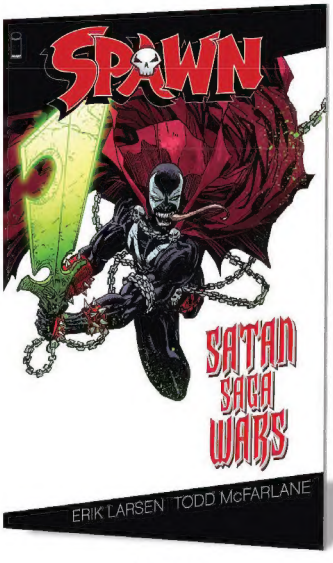


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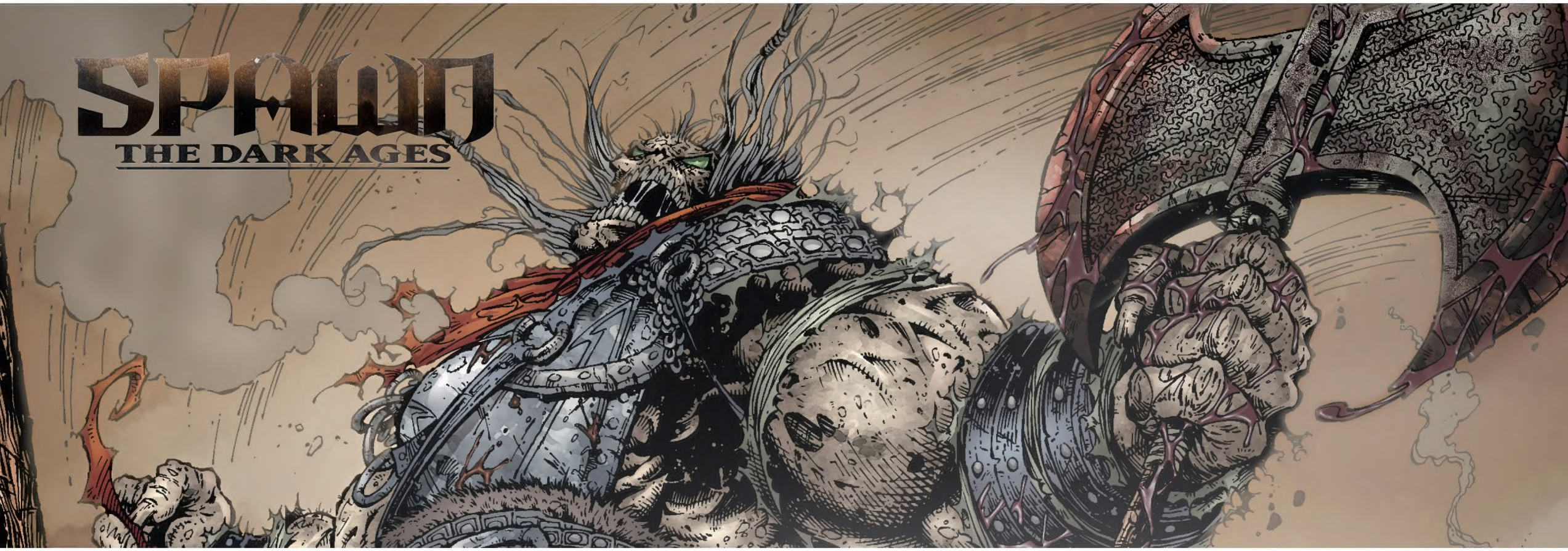
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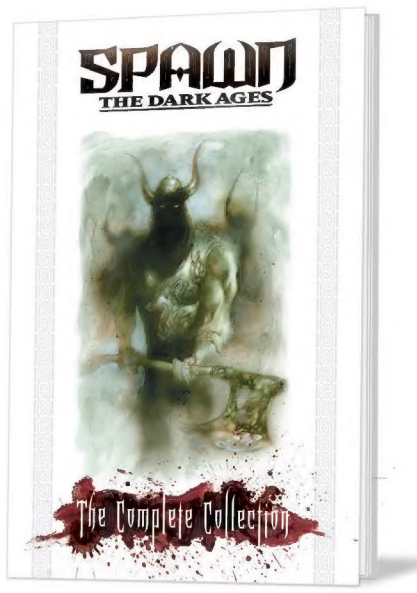


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